

Summer Sweethearts

By Mabel McElliott
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CHAPTER XXX



queer sort of love that doesn't trust— isn't open and aboveboard."

"This is," persisted Michael Heatheroe, "Ah, don't let anything come between us now..."

"But why the detectives?" pursued Katharine, in that bewildered tone. "Why should they be looking for you, without reason?"

"We can go back," the man said quietly, "and find out what it's all about."

It had been different when she had thought she was racing off with a vagabond, a fugitive. The whole affair had worn a sort of brave air. Now— what could she say to her stepmother, to all the others? She had married Sally Moon's fiancée, Katharine Stryker, the girl who inspired a jilt.

"I hate you!" she cried wildly, striking at the hand she had caressed five minutes before.

"No, you don't," Katharine said. "She thrust him away. 'I do. I swear it.'"

She was close to tears—perilous, angry, choking tears. But she would not let them come. "What they'll say of me!" she raged. "And it will be true. A fool..."

"Does it matter?"

She did not deign to look at him. "Of course, it does."

"That, my dear Katharine," said the man beside her, in a coolly conventional tone, "is your trouble. You have a picture of yourself as others see you. You are continually altering that picture to suit your audience, living up to it. It's too hard. Snap out of it. Be yourself."

"Oh, oh!" she choked with rage. "How dare you talk like this to me? After all, I—"

"The words almost flew out. 'After all, I am your wife.' But she checked them."

"I dare," said Michael Heatheroe, "because I love you. Don't shake your head. It's true. I've loved you since the first day I saw that mutinous red mouth and those contradictory, cool eyes of yours. I knew you were my girl... the only one I'd ever seen and wanted."

Some dangerous softness touched her heart but she steeled it against him.

"Good talk," she scoffed, "but it doesn't mean anything."

"Katharine—darling," he said, "don't be like this. You were so sweet a while back... I thought I had never known such sweetness. You were a statue come to life at last."

"I wish I were dead," she choked, in rage. "I'd better be."

What a strange wedding day! The sun had been out, but now the clouds were lowering. Thunder in the air!

"Do you remember," he asked, "the day the rain drove us into the cabin?"

Mutually she refused to answer. The drawing voice went on. "You were so high and mighty. Michael Heatheroe said, 'I loved to teach you a lesson. Little wretch!'"

"But you didn't," taunted the girl. "You didn't dare."

"That was it," he told her, "I was— afraid of you."

She had kept her eyes resolutely ahead, but now almost against her will she whirled and stared at him. The emotion that flared between them was at white heat... anger fused with love. Her composure broke. She was in his arms, half-sobbing, half-laughing.

"Michael, Michael, why do we quarrel like this? How horrible of us!"

"I don't know. Let's stop it."

Some are SWEETHEARTS... .

She straightened, dabbing at wet eyes with his big handkerchief. "It doesn't matter what you've done. Some power brought us together. But one thing I've got to ask you..."

"What's that?"

"We mustn't announce our marriage now."

His eyes darkened. Quietly he said, "Very well. That's for you to decide."

"If you're sure it's all right for you to go back—and you must be sure, Michael—come along with me now. We'll go on as if nothing had happened. Meantime you can break your engagement with Sally as painlessly as possible. Then we can make plans..."

(To Be Continued)

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THAT'S RIGHT, MR. SLUGG, BUT—

Logic



"BUT" NOTHING IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE AGAINST SOMEONE, PICK THE BIGGEST FIGURE IN SIGHT— IT GETS MORE ATTENTION—

I KNOW— BUT WARBUCKS IS TOO BIG— WHY, WITH EONITE HE'S THE BIGGEST MAN WE HAVE TO- DAY—

By HAROLD GRAY



WHAT OF IT? GOLIATH WAS A BIG GUY TOO— BUT DAVID TOOK HIM, AND LOOK AT THE PUBLICITY HE GOT—

BUT WHAT ABOUT PUBLIC REACTION? WARBUCKS IS MAKING JOBS FOR MILLIONS— PEOPLE ALMOST WORSHIP HIM—

By HAROLD GRAY



THAT'S IT! HE'S BIG— HE'S RICH AND SUCCESSFUL— WELL— BE HONEST NOW— YOU'RE JEALOUS OF ANYONE WHO HAS A LOT MORE THAN YOU HAVE— ISN'T THAT RIGHT?

ER— WELL— IT'S NOT EXACTLY FAIR THAT ANY MAN SHOULD HAVE SO MUCH—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



TIM

A LOOGEE! KAHGOA!

A LAGOONA WARRIOR HURLS TIM INTO A GUARDED HUT—



SILENTLY THE WITCH-DOCTOR PEERS IN AT THE TWO CAPTIVES—

By LYMAN YOUNG



THE NEXT MORNING—

DO YOU THINK SGT. BEETLE SAW MY BONFIRE, SPEED?

IF HE DID, TIM, HE'D NEVER GET HERE IN TIME TO SAVE US—

By LYMAN YOUNG



YOW

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OK— BUT, I STILL THINK IT'S A DUMB IDEA

NA-AAH! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE A DIVE LIKE THIS

Wotta Guy



WHEEEE

By MARTIN



OH— TH' SILLY THING! WHY, TH' WIND IS CARRYIN' 'IM CLEAR OVER TH' LAKE

By MARTIN



YOW

BRINGING UP FATHER



BY GOLLY-MAGGIE HAS PAID HER SINGIN'-TEACHER TWO YEARS IN ADVANCE— HE WUZ THE ONE BEST I WANTED TO GET RID OF BY GITTIN' POOR— MUST THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET RID OF HIM—



I HAVE IT— I'LL TELL HER THAT HER VOICE IS SO GOOD— SHE DOESN'T NEED TO TAKE ANY MORE LESSONS—



WHY, WITH A VOICE LIKE YOURS, MAGGIE DARLIN'— YOU'D SPOIL IT IF YOU KEPT ON STUDYIN'—



O-U!

I'M GOING TO OPEN A VOCAL STUDIO RIGHT HERE IN OUR HOME— AND GIVE LESSONS— I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE—

THIMBLE THEATRE



HEAVENS! I HAD NO IDEA THERE WERE INDIANS HERE!

ME NEITHER— HMMM— WE GOT TO BE DIPLOMADICK— I'LL GO TALK TO 'EM

Starring POPEYE



DEAR INJUNS— ME, THE GREAT DICTIPATOR! WELCOMES YA— I STAN'S HERE WITH PEACE IN ME HEART— I LOVES INJUNS— I WANTS TO BE FREN'S WITCHA YER SALTS OF THE EART' TO ME—

NOW SHOWING—"THE DOVE OF PEACE"



I WANTS NO FRICTION AMONGST US— AN NO HOSTALITY OR ENMITY— I LOVES EVER' FEATHER IN YER HEADS— YER SWELL GUYS

TOMORROW—"LONG LIVE THE QUEEN!"



I WANTS EVERYBODY TO BE HAPPY— I WANTS NO TROUBLE— I LOVES PEACE!!

OUT OUR WAY



THE VULGAR BOATMAN.

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE



UNCLE AMOS— COME QUICK!— YOUR BEES ALL CAME OUT OF TH' HIVE, AN' THEY WENT UP IN A TREE ON MR BAXTER'S FRONT LAWN!— TH' WHOLE TREE IS BUZZIN' WITH 'EM, AN' A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE WATCHIN' IT!

GET OUT THERE WITH YOUR BEE WHISTLE, MAJOR!

By AHERN



MY WORD— THE QUEEN BEE LEFT THE HIVE, AND THE SWARM FOLLOWED HER!— WHERE DID YOU SAY— IN BAXTER'S FRONT TREE?— ACK— HELL BE IN HIGH TEMPER AND UGLY MOOD!— TELL ME, LAD— ARE THE PEOPLE LAUGHING— SORT OF— AH— UM— MAKING SPORT OF— AH— ME?